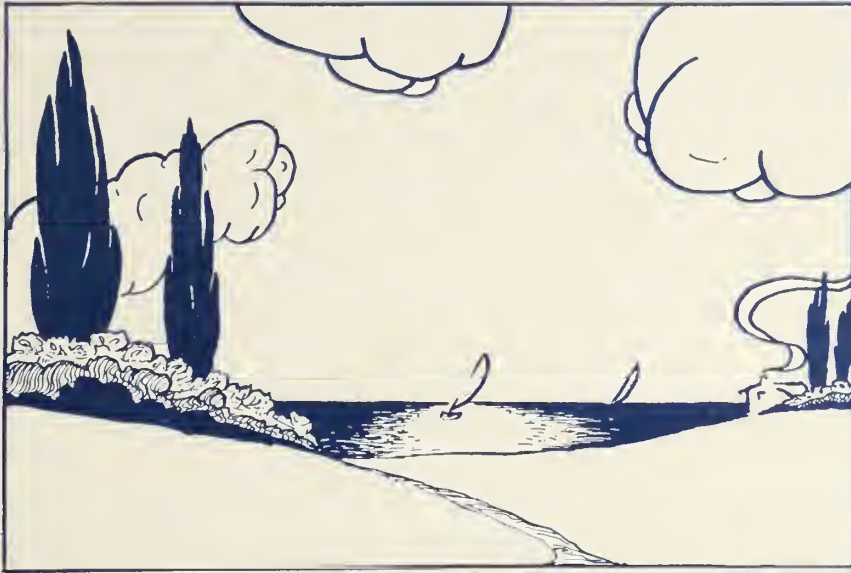


# RECORD



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# ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL RECORD

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Volume XXXVIII

No. 7

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May, 1923

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## Spring Fever

Just at this time of year an epidemic of that dread disease "Spring Fever" usually sweeps the country. It is a pernicious disease, and is the more dangerous because it is extremely difficult to shake off, once caught. It is a perennial disease, most contagious about the latter part of April. Its symptoms are a pronounced aversion to labor in any form, mental or physical.

The results of this disease are very injurious, a general let-down mentally and physically. In school it takes the form of an intense dislike for lessons, particularly home-lessons, and a desire to indulge in sports, to get out in the open: to some victims of the disease, Spring is synonymous with tennis, or golf, or baseball. Then there is the desire to forget school, especially on the part of Seniors, who are already beginning to consider themselves business men or college students. There is a difficulty in keeping the mind on work: Some are thinking of vacation; some of sports; and in the case of others: "In the Spring a young man's fancy—".

The tragic part of this disease is that now is the time when we ought to work especially hard. There are college board examinations to be passed, Lawrence prize examinations for some, and for a few unfortunates, work to obtain points for the year. There is the worry, for those who intend to return next fall, of choosing a course for next year.

Unfortunately, there is but one cure for the illness, and to some "the cure is worse than the disease", that is, a firm resolve not to disregard, but to *conquer* the weather. That is the only way to success.

—J. H. M.



## Mad Some Power

The power to "see ourselves as others see us" is a gift badly needed by many and possessed by few. When not pushed to such an extent as to become self-consciousness, it is a trait that has saved many folks from making fools of themselves.

Sometimes I wonder (as probably every one of you has at some time or other) what outsiders see and think on entering English High School.

If Mr. Blank is the visitor, he will no doubt come in the center door, and just to help the story let him enter on what has been known for the past year as "the English side." Now it is a safe guess that the first thing to catch Mr. Blank's eye is the statue; no need to tell which statue. We are proud of that same statue and we feel quite sure that Mr. Blank has been favorably impressed.

In the manner of school visitors since folks visited anything, he stands in the exact center of the corridor, rather bewildered and quite lost, for perhaps a quarter of a minute. In these fifteen seconds his mind has no connection with his name. On the contrary, it is peculiarly open, at this time, to catch the atmosphere of the school. You know, of course, that when you enter a police court, the atmosphere of the place immediately envelops you. Though this is a rather unfortunate comparison, it is nevertheless true that different places have very different "atmospheres".

I sadly neglected to say that Mr. Blank is a very likeable quiet old gentleman of some importance; a man we would like very much to please. What, oh what is the atmosphere you sense, Mr. Blank, upon entering our ancient halls? Do you get a suggestion in the air or do little things happen around about you to force you to think that this fine old institution is attended by children too young to realize its great worth; or do you realize that it is in the hands of men, young men to be sure, but men for all their youth?. Either fortunately or otherwise, first appearances have for a long time been of great influence on the human mind. Accordingly is it not a sane conclusion that he is much influenced by the appearance of the officer who directs him to his destination, in either verifying or reforming his first impression? If said officer backs and fills, to use a nautical term, before he steers up to Mr. Blank to act as his escort, of course Mr. Blank is not favorably impressed. He thinks, "Well, what do you know, that little boy with the button is afraid of me."

But, on the other hand if Mr. Officer meets Mr. Blank half way, so to speak; walks right up to him like a regular man and asks him his destination, Mr. Blank's thought is, "that young man is somebody in this school".

This of course, is only one illustration of the way we look, or the way we ought to look, to strangers. You can think of better examples, no doubt, where first impression count, and where first impressions depend upon—who?

—W. C. B.

To the Readers of the *Record*:

I voluntarily return the prize awarded to me for my story, "The Puccini Case." There has been much criticism of the award and a charge of plagiarism made: for a current play, "The Nemesis," corresponds, in a way, with it. It is a singular coincidence. As I do not wish to be awarded any prize that I have not really won, or the editors do not feel that I have won, I return it. I still maintain, however, that I made no conscious attempt to use this plot. *Oliver Dobson (209)*

## Bob Kelley, Mate

*By Walter G. Swan (203)*

It was one of those cold spring days in New York. A fine rain was falling, and the fog, like ghostly smoke, was creeping up the harbor. Along the waterfront stevedores, stokers, and others of their kind were seeking out the poolrooms, restaurants, and other places where this class is usually to be found. They came swinging along the streets in twos and threes, their caps pulled down over their eyes as if to hide their features. They were not altogether a pleasant appearing sort of men, but rather a kind one would purposely avoid. One minute they were walking along the street, the next they had disappeared in some underground dive.

Up the middle of one of these streets there came a solitary figure. Like the others his cap was pulled down over his eyes, and a cigarette drooped from his lips. He read all the signs above the restaurants and pawn shops, and everyone that passed he scrutinized from head to foot. Nothing seemed to escape the eyes under the cap. He acted like a hunted man. Suddenly he seemed to have found the place for which he had been looking, for he turned quickly and entered one of the old time saloons, which now masqueraded under the name of restaurant.

Entering, he stood in the doorway, and again those eyes seemed to take in everything, and everybody present.

He sidled across the room to the counter. "Gimme a cup o' mud an a san'wich, and be dam quick about it!" Inside, in the glare of the electric lights, his body loomed up like that of a giant. Although his cap hid the upper part of his face, the lower part did not seem so repulsive as the men around him.

By this time the "mud and san'wich" had been placed before him and he made short work of devouring them. Again

he spoke to the waiter. "You don't happen to know where an expert navigator can get a job, do you?"

Before the waiter had a chance to reply, a well-dressed man who was standing nearby stepped up beside him and spoke. "Did I hear you say you were an expert navigator?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I think I can find a place for you. Come over and sit down." Together they went to one of the private stalls and the curtains were drawn.

"First of all, what is your name?"

As if to hide his identity, the big husky brute replied, "Well,—Kelley'll do, Bob Kelley."

"Well, Kelley, my name is Daniel Mallory. Now to get down to facts. I suppose you are rather particular as to what kind of a job you get?"

"Patic'ler! Say give me de job an' if its anything dis side o' murder I'll grab it. Shoot. What's de game?"

Mallory's eyes brightened. Here indeed was a piece of luck, just the man he was looking for. "Well here's my offer. I'm captain of the Diamond, a merchant vessel carrying coffee from Holland to the United States. On the last trip my first mate fell overboard and so if you want it, the job's yours. Have you your papers?"

"Sure, I'll take de job," said Bob. "And for my papers, I kin git new ones termorrer. When d'ya want me to show up and where?"

"Day after to-morrow, Pier No. 5, at 8.00 A. M. sharp, for we sail at ten, and there are some little matters we must arrange."

"All right, termorrer mornin then," and the two came out into the main room.

Kelley ordered something more to eat, but watched his new employer, who had again returned to the compartment with two other men. Now Kelley was no fool, and it seemed to him that there was something in the wind. Casually he made his way across the room, and entered the stall adjoining the one he had seen Mallory take. After closing the curtain he flattened his ear against the partition and listened.

"—new man—Kelley—don't know yet—diamonds—\$300,000 yeah—first mate. Secret service—don't know cases 100—900 diamonds—cans."

Although he tried his utmost to hear more, his efforts were futile. Soon there was a scraping of chairs, and his friends on the other side departed. Kelley waited a few moments to make sure they had gone before he emerged from his hiding place. As he sat there he pondered. Something crooked was afoot, but then, that was nothing new to him. "Secret Service." Well that was a little might different. "Diamonds" and "Secret service." that meant smuggling. Well he had been hired to work for this man Mallory and he would do so. As long as he was paid, he would ask no questions. Perhaps he could make a little on the side too. Well, that all remained to be seen.

Pulling aside the curtain he peered out. Mallory and his friends had gone so he stepped out, and crossing the room went into the street.

Sharp at eight o'clock on the appointed morning Bob Kelley stepped up the gang plank of the Diamond. Mallory was evidently waiting for him, because he stood at the rail.

"Good morning, Kelley"

"Morning cap'n," returned Kelley, snapping a salute that reminded him of times past,

"I see you are right on time; well, that's another thing in your favor. In this business it's the little things that count. I'll show you to your quarters now."

The stateroom which Bob was to occupy was fit for a first class passenger. It was furnished with the best of furniture. Luxuriant carpets covered the floor. Pictures and mirrors were on the wall. Across the room Mallory opened a door revealing a complete wardrobe. "I think these will fit you, as your predecessor was just about your build."

Kelley's eyes nearly popped out of his head as he took this all in. Mallory smiled as he noticed the bewilderment of his new man at being suddenly plunged into such surroundings.

When Kelley turned, Mallory had gone so he set to work shaving the beard from his face and changing his clothes. The blue uniform was almost a perfect fit. He put on the cap, then drawing himself up to his full height and throwing back his shoulders he surveyed himself with satisfaction in the mirror.

With the beard gone from his face and his dirty coat and sweater discarded, an amazing change had taken place. His clean cut features, the jet black of his hair, and the blue uniform, gave him the appearance of a young Adonis.

He started for the door, then turned as if he had forgotten something. Going back he took from his old clothes a .45 automatic which he examined carefully before putting in his pocket. Mallory might be all right but—. Then he went out on deck, where he found Mallory awaiting him.

After he had passed muster before Mallory, they went forward where the crew, under the direction of Bill Cavanaugh, the second mate, were stowing ballast. At their approach all work stopped and Mallory called



the men around him. A hard looking lot they were, a gang that would stop at nothing. Cavanaugh openly sneered at Kelley, for he was chagrined to think he had not been promoted to mate. He openly boasted to the crew, as to what he would do with the new mate. So it was no wonder when Mallory called Cavanaugh to be introduced that he grumbled under his breath.

"Mr Cavanaugh, this is Mr Kelley, our new mate." Kelley proffered his hand which Cavanaugh took in a vice like grip, a grip that had broken the bones in many a man's hand. Cavanaugh seemed a little surprised, therefore, when Kelley did not wince and put more pressure into the grip. The crew, who knew the mate's thoughts, nudged one another.

Kelley, divining Cavanaugh's purpose, suddenly twisted his arm to the left and up. This action was as quick as it was unexpected and the result was that Cavanaugh found himself sprawling on the deck. As he arose his fists tightened and his lips curled in a hateful sneer. Kelley stood with clenched fists waiting, but before anything serious could happen Mallory had intervened, and at a word Cavanaugh disappeared aft.

The crew who had looked on in amazement now fell all over themselves to meet the man who had so easily felled their boastful officer, who, let it be said, was none too kind to them. And so it was that Kelley began his duties as first mate on the merchantman Diamond.

At ten o'clock sharp Mallory touched the engine room telegraph, and a slight shudder passed thru the vessel as the huge engines down in the bowels of the ship began to move. An hour later they had passed outside the harbor limits, and were steaming along at a good clip. The sea was smooth, there was not a cloud in the sky, and the

prospects for a quick trip across were good.

The first day out Mallory took Kelley thru the ship to show him the various holds and acquaint him with the ship generally. The thing that struck Kelley as most extraordinary was the engine room. Instead of being run by the big vertical steam driven engines as most merchantmen are, the Diamond was driven by huge turbine engines, and as he gazed at the wonderful battery of these monsters he realized the speed at which they were capable of driving this trim, well laid out ship. Down in the stoke hold all was spick and span. No coal littered the floor or covered the stokers, for, instead of burning coal, oil was burned under the boilers. Kelley knew that the intense and steady heat of these oil burners could generate steam as fast as the turbines could use it. He thought a lot those few minutes he was below, but said nothing.

"Well, what do you think of my ship?" asked Mallory watching Kelley out of the corners of his eyes.

"Sure some boat. Nice lines, powerful engines, plenty of steam. Ought to make good speed in a tight scrape. As he said this last, he looked squarely at Mallory, the faintest trace of a smile at the corners of his mouth.

"Sometimes we find use for them," answered Mallory noncommittally.

"If you have looked around enough we might as well go up and get a snatch to eat."

Together they walked along the companionway that led to the deck. They had traversed perhaps half its length when Mallory called to Bob to wait, as he had forgotten to give some orders to the engineer. Bob turned, and almost at the same instant, he felt something whiz by his head and hit the metal flooring with a tremendous

He looked up and at the same moment reached for his gun. Almost directly above him was an open transom, and for the barest fraction of a second he imagined he saw a large, cruel face with beady black eyes, sparkling with hate, but whoever it was had gone. Looking down at his feet, he saw a pulley which, had it hit his head as his assailant had intended, would surely have killed him. He knew it was no use trying to catch the culprit, for whoever it was had disappeared, yet he had the satisfaction of knowing he must be on the boat, and he had his suspicions. Bob had just put the gun back in his pocket when Mallory came rushing up. What's the matter, what was the noise!

"Some'un tryin ter lay me out, dat's all," and he walked on without saying another word.

Mallory was dumbfounded at this new man. Someone had evidently tried to kill him and yet he seemed to think no more about it than as if some one had thrown a snowball at him. What a man! Mallory did not understand him.

The rest of the voyage across was without incident, and five days later the Diamond sailed into the little harbor of Brevoort. It was a snug little harbor, filled mostly with fishing smacks. Anchored here and there was a rusty old tramp steamer. Compared to the Diamond they seemed lazy and sluggish as the thin wisps of smoke drifted aimlessly from their funnels.

The Diamond was soon tied up at her dock and the work of unloading the ballast had already begun. Mallory was in the chart house working on some papers, and Kelley was supervising a gang of men who were helping to warp an oil lighter alongside. At four that afternoon all the ballast had been unloaded and all was in readiness to

start loading the big cases of coffee the next morning.

So it was that at promptly seven the next day the donkey engine began to rattle and roar, and the big cases swung over the side and down into the ship's hold. All day this was kept up and far into the night until all the loading was finished.

It was about 12.30 when Kelley turned in and therefore it was almost ten in the morning when he awoke. He washed, dressed, and went out on deck. The hatches had been battened down, and everything was in readiness for the voyage home. He decided to go down to the galley to get a bite to eat, and on the way he met Mallory.

"When do we leave?" He inquired.

"What's the matter, getting homesick?"

"I hope I ain't dat bad."

"If all goes well we ought to leave about three this afternoon. I'm expecting a friend to accompany us on our return trip."

"Oh, I see," said Kelley, and went on to the galley.

About 2.30 that afternoon a car drew up at the dock and two people alighted. One was a young lady and the other an elderly gentleman. Mallory had already gone to meet them, and one of the crew was bringing their baggage aboard the ship. Mallory and his guests were following. Kelley was standing near the gang plank when they came aboard, and a minute or so later Mallory called him.

"Mr. Kelley, this is Mr. Parker and Miss Eleanor Parker"

Bob removed his cap, and bowed stiffly, murmuring awkwardly "How do you do?"

"Miss Parker has been suddenly called home, and as there will be no boat for almost a week, she has accepted my offer to return with us. You will see she receives every courtesy."

"Yes sir," answered Bob blushing.

"Thank you, Mr. Kelley," said the girl smiling.

A few moments later Mr. Parker left the ship and went off in his car. Mallory showed Miss Parker to her cabin and then went to the bridge. Kelley in the meantime had given the order to cast off, so that fifteen minutes later they were steaming out of the harbor on their way home.

As Mallory stood on the bridge he thought of Kelley and the perfect pronunciation of every word he had spoken while talking with Mr. Parker. He could not figure him out. He was more of an enigma than ever.

A few moments later Kelley himself appeared on the bridge. "Say, Kelley, have you seen Cavanaugh? He seems to have vanished into thin air."

"No sir I haven't seen him since we began to unload."

"Queer, the men have searched the whole ship and there's not a trace of him to be found. He probably got sick of his job and skipped whilst we were in port," and he looked peculiarly at Kelley. "Say, by the way Kelley, I am going to have a little dinner to-night in honor of Miss Parker."

"Dats fine."

"All right, don't forget. At six o'clock. You can stop in and tell Miss Parker on your way down."

At six that night a gay little group was seated in the dining room. Miss Parker, Mallory, and Kelley. Both Mallory and Kelley were dressed in white and the white against the dark tan of Kelley's skin made him very handsome. He did not eat much dinner for he was studying and admiring the wonderful girl who sat opposite him. The obvious lure of her frank dark eyes, the black smoothness of her hair, the rosy bronze of her cheeks, and the full lipped sweet-

ness of her mouth drew him irresistibly to her. His eyes feasted upon her, and once when she caught him gazing at her, she flashed him a smile that made his heart turn completely over.

At last the dinner was finished and for awhile they sat around and talked. "I'm afraid, Miss Parker, that you'll have to depend upon Mr. Kelley for companionship, as I'm kept pretty busy most of the time."

"Oh, I'm sure time won't hang heavy on my hands," she replied, laughing.

A few minutes later Mallory excused himself and left them. "Perhaps you would care to take a walk around the ship," said Bob.

"I'd be delighted," And so together they made their way around the ship, Bob pointing out different parts of the vessel and explained their uses until at last they reached the upper deck where they found two deck chairs.

They sat down side by side, cosily sheltered by a common rug, while the inevitable moon flooded a liquid world with silver. It was a wonderful night and for a long time they sat there, neither speaking a word.

At last Bob broke the silence. "See that light over there, Miss Parker? That is —."

"Please call me Eleanor," she said smilingly, "I do so hate formality."

"I will,—and on one condition,—that you call me Bob."

"All right then, Bob, it's a mutual agreement."

"See that light over there?" he asked again, pointing.

"Where?" she asked, and she leaned her black head very close to his to follow the direction of his finger. Their shoulders touched, and her cheek just barely touched his. Overhead old Mr. Moon made magic in the cool dark sky, and beneath them, the ocean snored insidiously.

Bob's heart was thumping like a trip hammer. A chaos seemed pent up within him. He wanted to take this sweet thing next to him and crush it in his arms, yet he knew it was utterly impossible. All interest in the light had now gone, and they turned and looked one another square in the eyes.

"Your hair," said Bob just above a whisper, "is glorious,—your eyes are like dark pools, and oh—you're just wonderful."

"You're rather nice, too," she said in a soft rippling voice. She had travelled almost all over the world and met all kinds and races of men yet never had she felt the same thrill within her as she felt now. Then his hand closed over hers and together they sat in reverie, until they heard footsteps approaching. It was Mallory.

"Well, well, haven't you two turned in yet?"

"N-n-no sir," said Bob somewhat flustered, blushing furiously.

"Well, don't sit up too late."

"N-n-no sir" stammered Bob. Then Mallory went off below.

As soon as he had gone the two rose and walked slowly down the deck. The light wind blew in their faces and the stars glimmered in a radiant sky. The whole universe seemed to be glad. At last they reached her cabin. Here they lingered a moment and talked, then she disappeared, and Bob went to his own cabin, his heart singing joyfully and the world seemingly at its best.

The next day seemed to drag all too slowly for Bob, for he was to see Eleanor again that evening. So it was that at about seven o'clock he stepped into Mallory's cabin and announced he would be on the upper deck if any one wanted him.

"Ah, so that's the way the wind blows."

Bob blushed, said nothing and went out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eleanor came out of her cabin and went lightly down the deck to the stairway to the upper deck. Hardly had she taken ten paces when she knew someone was behind, her.

"Don't yer make a sound me fine bird, don't scream," hissed a guttural voice beside her. She could not have screamed if she had wanted to, for her heart had frozen within her. An ugly face suddenly shoved itself in front of her. "Aw come on sweetie, give us a kiss, just one."

"You-you brute!" exclaimed Eleanor and she struck him in the face.

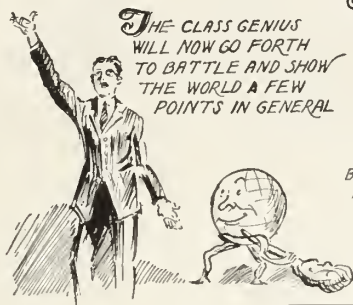
"Ho-ho the little cat's goin' ter fight. Yer wouldn't do that to yer fren Kelley. Do you really love him?"

All the fury in Eleanor loosed itself and she answered scornfully. "Love him, yes I love him with all my heart and I wish he were here now. If he were you wouldn't say such nasty things you-you—" and she kicked and bit like a wild beast.

"By God, you'll pay for that!" He sprang at her and in a moment she was imprisoned in arms that were like cables. He said nothing but she read the evil intent in his eyes. With one hand at her throat, the other holding her hands he forced her against the wall. She could not cry for help. He tried to kiss her but she lowered her head and struggled. Although she kicked and bit, it was no use. Sick and exhausted, she thought her last moment had arrived. Oh if Bob would only come!

*(To be concluded in the June issue)*

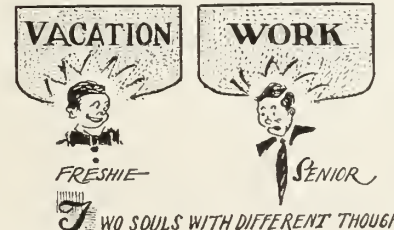
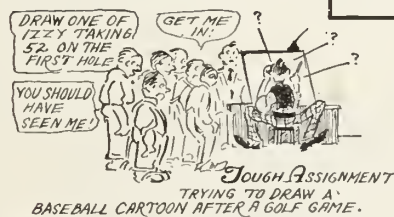
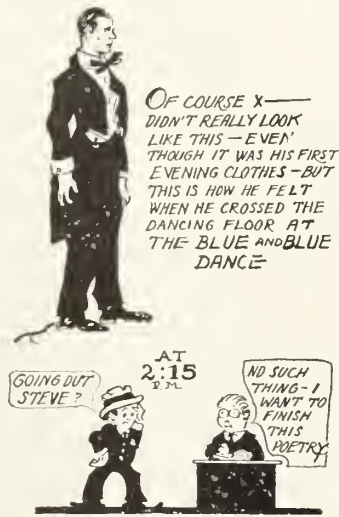
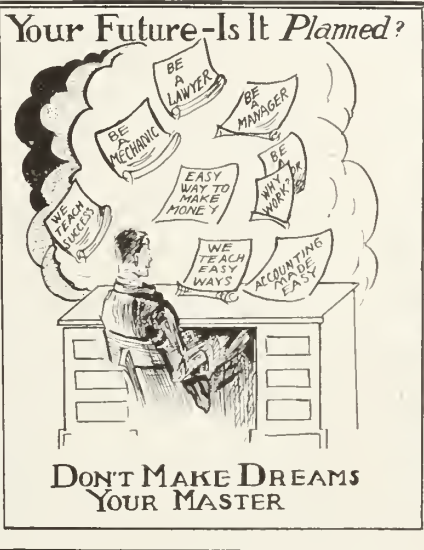




FUNNY HOW UNINTERESTING ONE IS  
TO THE OTHER—



ENGLISH IS A BOY'S SCHOOL—BUT YOU  
CAN'T SAY THAT OF OUR FANS.

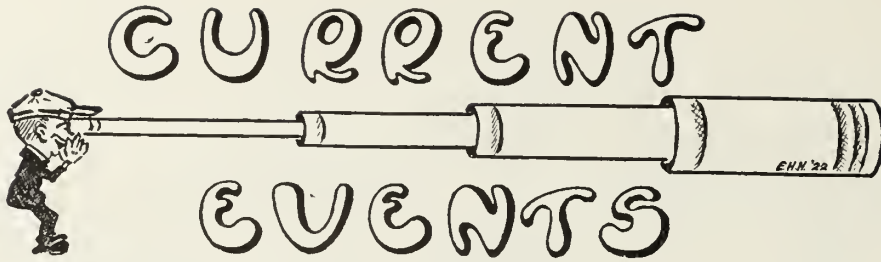


Yo-o-oh! and a pair of knickers!

WHAT HAS SIDESWIPED OUR CIVILIZATION? HERE  
WE ARE IN THE GOOD OLD ENGLISH HIGH WITH 66%  
OF STUDENT CARCASS KNOCKING AROUND IN KNIKKERS  
NO! I DON'T MEAN TO BE INSULTING, CAUSE KNIKKER  
BOOKERS ARE A FINE IDEA—FOR ANYONE UNDER  
13 YEARS OF AGE. BUT WHEN FULL GROWN SENIORS  
OF THE HERCULES TYPE, JOIN WITH THE "DEARS"  
OF CAMBRIDGE IN THE SHORT PANTS EPIDEMIC, I  
COMME NCE TO THINK OR COUE. WAS RIGHT, SOMETHING  
AIDS OUR EDUCATION SYSTEM. AMPUTATED PANTS  
WERE FIRST INVENTED FOR THE BALL TOSSERS  
HALF A CENTURY AGO. THEN THE GOLF BUGS GRAB-  
BED THE IDEA OF DRESSING LIKE BOY SCOUTS.  
NOBODY CARES IF ATHLETES KNOCK ABOUT IN  
KNIKKERS BUT WHEN FELLOWS ARE ABOUT TO GRAB  
A DIPLOMA AND FIGURE THEY NEED SHORT PANTS TO  
WALK UP AND DOWN TREMONT ST. OR PLAY WHIST THAT  
WAS LAST STRAW THAT CRACKED CAMELS VER-  
TE BRAE. NOT ONLY THAT, BUT THE MEN ARE  
FALLING FOR 'EM TOO. NOW PA'S LONG TROUSERS  
WILL SOON FIT GERARD. AND GERARD'S SHORT  
ONES ARE O.K. FOR POP. WELL IF THIS ANGER  
EPIDEMIC SPREADS ANY MORE, BOSTON CARTER  
IS OUT O'LUCK—AND THE HALF HOSE BETTER  
DOUBLE UP OR THEY'LL BE DISCARDED.

Charles G. Conroy '23

# CURRENT EVENTS



## SCHOOL COUNCIL

At the meeting of the School Council held on March 19, Mr. Downey, who was obliged to leave the session early, recommended taking action on the suggestion to rearrange and redistribute all pictures, statues, and trophies now in the first floor corridor. A committee, of which Mr. Benson is chairman, was appointed to take care of the matter, and consult with Mr. Dilloway, Director of Manual Arts, on the proper arrangement of these trophies, with due consideration of the artistic effect gained by the proper spacing and grouping of them.

Discussion on inter-class basket-ball was dropped, owing to the lateness of the season.

Lieut. Driscoll explained a tentative plan for Memorial Day exercises. This plan calls for a military review and an address by some well-known military officer.

The next council meeting was held on April 9. Mr. Benson, speaking for the Committee on School Decoration, outlined the work done by the committee, and was granted permission to carry out plans already made for rearranging school decorations. It is the hope of Mr. Downey that this great work will, with the co-operation of the School and Room Councillors, be completed by May 28, on which date the School Council shall cease to be an active body..

Mr. Wilson, who has charge of the inter-class baseball games, requested the Council to encourage inter-class baseball by bestowing numerals on the teams winning the championship of the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior rooms, respectively. The Council then voted to give these numerals.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CLUB NOTES

The school year is fast drawing to a close. Many of us are waiting eagerly for the time to come when English High will close her doors on us for the last time, and turn us into a hum-drum world to uphold the high ideals of English and bring fame and glory to ourselves. Many more of us are studying harder than ever, preparing to meet that nightmare of all Juniors, the College Entrance Exams. And always in the background stand the Sophomores, ever waiting to step into the Junior's shoes, waiting for the time when they will be upper classmen. And so it goes. With each one striving for his own goal, he is liable to lose a little school spirit, and this becomes evident when a fellow loses his interest in his school clubs. It is not a great evidence of interest in school affairs to attend club meetings in the middle of winter, when the wind cuts and bites like an infuriated animal, and school, the diabolical, colorless, prison-like school seems to be a haven of warmth and comfort. It is an evidence of school spirit to attend club meetings when all outdoors seems to entice one away from stifling class rooms and long-winded lectures. Let's stick to our clubs.

At a meeting of the Current Events Club on March 19, Mr. Murphy spoke on "The Conflict between Legislative and Administrative Bodies of our Government." A more timely topic would be hard to find.

The unceasing efforts of the club in trying to secure a debate with an outside school may yet be crowned with success when, one of these days, a picked debating team from this club meets a team from Everett or Mechanic Arts High School.

The French Club now meets every other week. At the meeting on March 21, Mr. Tenney spoke on "The French Student in America."

These club meetings would, no doubt, prove very beneficial to any boy taking F3 or F4.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Owing to the illness of Judge A. K. Cohen, Mr. Downey was the speaker at the Senior Class assembly on March 22. His subject was "Early History of E. H. S."

The Senior class song, sung to the air of "America, The Beautiful" has proved a decided success. It was sung by the class at this assembly.

A Senior class assembly was held in the Drill hall on April 5. The boys were urged to take advantage of the Citizens Military Training Camp.

Perhaps you may have noticed that Roger McCann, our peppery baseball manager, received quite a little write-up in most of the daily papers a couple of weeks ago. He was referred to as "the busiest young man in Boston." And we have reason for thinking he is.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### JUNIOR CLASS MEETING APRIL 12, 1923

The Junior Class assembled in the drill hall on April 12th, for a meeting. Lieut Driscoll opened the meeting by introducing Harry L. Kozol, senior class president, who read His Honor, Gov. Cox's Proclamation of Patriot's Day. Then, Cap't Chester '16, was introduced. He gave the boys a humorous account of his drill days, while he was at school, and then spoke about the advantages of the Citizens Military Training Camp, and what the fellows would meet, if they ever should attend that camp. He then dished out some advice to the boys, which if used, would be of some use to them.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### JUNIOR CLASS MEETING

At the first meeting of the Junior Class, Grey opened the meeting at once by acting on the adopting of the Constitution. The motion was made and passed to adopt the Constitution as it now stands. A motion was made and passed that the Class dues be twenty-five cents for each member. The song committee was appointed, which consists of:

Arthur B. Trussel, *Chairman*, 312  
 Harold Faiber, 210  
 Morris Schaffer, 310  
 Arthur Flyn, 210  
 John M. McMorrow, 250  
 Chandler M. Wright, 313  
 Leon B. Hain, 231  
 Max C. Barron, 205

Songs are to be in the hands of the committee by Tuesday, April 24th. If a suitable song is submitted, it will be sung at the next meeting of the class. A



committee to see about an outing for the class, consisting of McMorro, Mills, Dobson, and Donoghue will see Mr. Downey. A motion was made and passed that a prize be given to the originator of the best Class song.

\* \* \* \* \*

### JUNIOR ASSEMBLY

Capt. Jack Wallace was the speaker for the Juniors. First he gave a short talk about the essentials of swimming and first aid. He pointed out that the legs of the swimmer must do at least half of the work. He then spoke a bit on life saving, touched it up very humorously. Casting his eye among the boys, he picked on a youngster to be his victim. What he did to that poor fellow would put the hardest hearted man in tears. It was all for a glorious cause though, and he demonstrated what is to be done to a drowning man, etc. Not through with his victim yet, Capt. Jack Wallace bandaged him up in great shape, showing how to put a head bandage on, what to do in the case of a strained ankle, broken arm, and the like, so by the time Capt. Wallace did get through with the fellow the latter was all ready for the ambulance. The bell rang all too soon, for every one except, perhaps, Capt. Wallace's victim. Music was furnished by the E. H. S. Band, which is improving very rapidly.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

On Thursday April 5, 1923 a meeting of one half the second year class was held in the Assembly Hall at 9.08 A. M. After the orchestra and the band had ceased playing a fine march, Mr. Downey opened the meeting with the reading of the Bible. A little variety in this meeting made it unusually entertaining. Mr. Thomas F. Anderson of the New England Shoe and Leather Association was then introduced to the boys. He gave a very entertaining and instructive talk on South America as he saw it a short time ago. The importance of Panama Canal was explained very clearly by him. Mr. Anderson almost literally took the boys to South America, for his description was so vivid and realistic that we could actually picture the various countries of which he spoke. The great natural resources of South America, its extensive commerce with other countries, and its large prosperous cities were mentioned. Argentina and its colossal cattle raising, Chile and its enormous nitrate industry, Brazil and its rubber and coffee regions, and the other small South American countries were so clearly described that the boys found very little difficulty in following Mr. Anderson. "We should hold closer social intercourse as well as *commercial* intercourse with our large and prospering neighbor of the South," stated Mr. Anderson. If Mr. Anderson had entertained any doubts as to the interest of his talk, the tremendous applause that he received must have entirely dissipated them. The orchestra, assisted by the band, played an especially fine selection. The meeting closed at 9.40 A. M.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BANK ITEM

The total deposit to April 6 is \$3223.63 divided as follows

Cash \$1377.27, stamps, \$1846.36. This amount should be very much larger since there are but 153 depositor out of 2100 boys in the main building. Two rooms in the Mechanic Arts High School have every pupil a depositor. The best room in E. H. S., 206, has only 38% depositors. Every boy needs money and some time during his life the need of money is sure to be urgent.

Help yourself and help E. H. S. by depositing all you possibly can.



## ASSEMBLY OF SOPHOMORE ROOM CAPTAINS

A meeting of second year room captains was held in room 151 Wednesday April 4, 1923 at 2.45 P. M. Mr. Wilson informed the room captains of his plan for the base-ball season. Very clear directions were given to each room captain in regard to the formation of his team. The meeting adjourned at 3.00 P. M.

\* \* \* \* \*

## INSPECTION OF ROOMS

Ever since the Student Council has held inspections of rooms, the building, in general, seems to be cleaner. The Junior Rooms especially lead the Senior and Sophomore rooms in this matter. At a recent inspection of rooms made on Wednesday, March 28, 1923 the following rooms were judged to be the cleanest. Senior Rooms—102, 89%; 109, 96%. Junior Rooms.—209, 92%; 210, 97%. Sophomore Rooms,—257, 90%; 260, 86%.

When one begins to clean his room before inspection takes place it soon becomes a habit with him to pick up little pieces of paper, etc., which he might see on the floor. Let us cultivate that habit.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ATTENDANCE

Now that Old Man Winter has taken his leave, there is no excuse why we should not attain the 99.99% mark of attendance. The average for the school was 94.1%. We are going the wrong way, down instead of up. The Senior class led with 93.7%. The Junior had an average of 93.1%. Last but not least comes the Sophomore class with 93.5%.

Tardiness was also a little too familiar.

Start for school five minutes earlier in the morning and you will not be late. Remember also that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but the marks grow rounder and rounder."

\* \* \* \* \*

The report of the Home Savings Bank for March, just received, shows that English High leads all the high schools in the city for March. The deposits for the month were \$601.35. This exceeds our nearest rival, Girls High, by \$308.28, our second rival, Mechanic Arts, by \$362.52, and High School of Commerce by \$434.46.

English also leads in the number of new accounts, 36.

\* \* \* \* \*

## P. A. COLLINS

## TRACK

In the Mechanic's meet, a rather informal affair, where no field events were held, the freshmen placed only two men; King and Scott. Not much interest was displayed in this meet.

However, the team wound up its season triumphantly in its own way, just as the team as a whole finished ahead in the "Reggie" meet. Two members of the Freshmen track team placed. Imagine it! Freshmen! What will both do when they are in their third and fourth year? Gladstone F. Scott placed fourth in the Senior Broad jump. David Feldstien placed third in the Intermediate Broad Jump. Scott has been the most consistent point winner. He will receive his E. Though only those two placed, many others did very well in their respective heats and semi-finals. It is obvious that Coach Murray, Nat Barrows (Mgr.) and Capt Bill McKillop all appreciate their good work. The team really deserves credit and has lived well up to Mr. Benson's statement of it being one of the best

freshmen teams ever produced. He may now call it the best. You must not forge Mr. Benson, who with his usual good nature and generosity came to the Trade school gym four afternoons out of the school five, and gave us his knowledge of track. Mr. Benson is the one who is responsible for the team's success.

\* \* \* \* \*

### WEEKLY ASSEMBLIES

On Friday, April 6, 1923 a meeting was held. Following the reading of the Bible, Mr. Kershaw stated that the principal reason for the assembly was the acceptance of a gift from the Science Clubs of the Annex. The gift was presented by the representative of the Clubs, Samuel S. Levine. The gift is a Radio set, which has already been set up. When the idea of giving a gift to the Annex was first suggested Mr. Lunt discouraged this enormous undertaking, but the dues which were five cents were raised to ten, the clubs plugged at it stubbornly in the true English High School Spirit and finally they bought a handsome Radio set costing \$250.00 from the Shepard Store, Boston. It is of the latest type and is guaranteed. It has a radius of 2000 miles. Many concerts are promised in the future. The boys greatly appreciate this gift.

Mr. Benson spoke to us about the Baseball season which he said was rapidly drawing near. Preceding the adjournment of the assembly Mr. Kershaw asked us to play the game in the English High School Spirit, winning or losing fairly.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ROOM INSPECTION

One day the Student Council received word from the office to inspect the rooms, which they did. The following day the result was hung up on the bulletin board. This notice was given attention to, particularly by the teachers, who immediately began a clean-up campaign. The result of this inspection of rooms is as follows: Room 17 first, Room 13, second and Rooms 8, 11, and 1 third, fourth, and fifth respectively. The inspection was made by a committee of the Councillors which consists of H. De Soto, E. Stone, and H. Chitjian. In the inspection of the rooms the following conditions were noted; condition of the floor, blackboard, and desks. Also if the room had decorations of any sort which assisted in the good appearance of the room, credit was given.

About a week later another inspection was held. The results were greatly changed, except that Room 17 still maintained its position as that of the cleanest and best appearing room in the Annex.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BASEBALL

Baseball is under way. A fine season is predicted, and the boys are very enthusiastic about their national game. Mr. Benson, accompanied by a few of the boys went to Brine's and secured the material necessary. Now the Annex is in possession of five dozen balls, twenty-five bats, a catcher's mitt, a baseman's mitt, and a few old balls and gloves, remnants of last season. A schedule has been made and the games are well in hand. Mr. Benson declared that after the season is over, an All-Freshmen Team will be picked. This team will play the one from Boston Latin School. He also stated that he received a challenge from Mr. Wilson representing the sophomores. Last year the freshmen were victorious.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Chas. H. Stone of the faculty has been appointed to be Phi Beta Kappa poet at Tufts College on May 9.

## ALUMNI NOTES

Walter O'Hearn '09, who was captain of the basketball team when at school, is now Transit Manager of the First National Bank. Recently he became the father of a baby girl.

Dr. Gabriel Mendelsohn '12 is now practising dentistry in Lynn, Mass. He is a graduate of Harvard and the Harvard Dental School. He served overseas in the Dental Reserve and was decorated twice.

Sam Stern '15 is now in the real estate business. While attending this school, he was colonel of the regiment and a member of the track team. He is a graduate of Harvard.

Mark F. Russo '15 is now a member of the faculty at the High School of Commerce. He is a graduate of Boston College, and has an A. M. degree and an A. B. degree.

Arthur L. Barber '16, former editor-in-chief of the *Record*, is certainly there with the goods. Just a little while ago, Mr. Benson received a letter from him, which contained some Alumni notes. "Art", after three years absence from college, due to a wound he received in action, is now at Harvard as a Veterans' Bureau student, taking his degree this year. That isn't where he stops either, for he expects to take an A. M. in English next year. He is a member of the well known Harvard Glee Club.

Phillip J. Byrne '16, who used to be that clever chem shark at English, is still mixing those compounds in great shape. In such great shape that he now holds down the position of assistant professor of Chemistry at the Notre Dame. Not only that, but about seven years ago he was elected secretary-treasurer of his class because of his hustling ability, and he still fills that office in an admirable way.

Adolph A. Biewend '16 is a plugger, a fellow who gets the things he goes after, and is the type of a man who makes this country the best in the world, the type of a man to whom America points with pride. He is down at a large local bank holding a responsible position, which keeps him busy the whole day, and many times part of the night; and then, in order to pursue his education more fully, so as to be prepared and lay a foundation for his future, he attends Northeastern Law School at night.

Moses Ginsberg '16 is now a full fledged lawyer. Anyone could have foreseen this, had he but noticed Moe's fluent flow of words, and the way he stood up to recite in his L4 Class, when he was a member of English High.

We have had lawyers, doctors, boxers, teachers, brokers, bankers, etc., in this column, as members of the Alumni, but never a really honest-to-goodness actor or anybody who has anything to do with the cinema, but that is the case with Leo F. Kahn '16. Leo is with the Metro Film Corporation and is making good.

J. Harold Lewis '16 was an associate editor of the *Record* in '16. When he left school, he was called upon to do his bit in the army. He went across and was gassed while in action. When the armistice was signed, Harold came back to this country and attracted the attention of the men on the Veterans' Bureau, who then sent him up to Harvard. Harold graduates from Harvard this June and intends to go into business.

Many people have often wondered why the Sunday Feature Edition in the Boston Post always is a standard for other papers. They often wonder if it isn't the man who writes it up. It sure is, and Richard Milne '16 is that and has

been that man for the last three years, or since he came back from the war, in which he was awarded a Croix de Guerre. Dick was also associate editor along with J. Harold Lewis.

William May Ding '16, after two years in business in Chicago, had just returned to Boston. Bill, junior, the class baby is now a husky lad of seven and a chip of the old block.

Both Julius Cohen and Hageman Novack '16 are now practising physicians, having graduated from Tufts Medical School. Both are young and ambitious and are already paving their way for their future.

Any of our jazz kings now at school, or any of our well known dancing wizards could tell you right off the bat who Leo Reisman '16 is. In fact they could tell volumes about him, when I would only say a few words. His remarkable playing, and sensational novelties make Leo known the country over as *the* leader of sterling dance orchestras.

A little while ago the Senior class had the pleasure of listening to Capt. Cinar W. Chester '16. More recently, however, he spoke at a meeting of the Juniors in the drill hall. Captain Chester served on the border with the Ninth Mass. Regiment. Soon after, he attended the Military Training Camp for officers. He was sent overseas, and while there, received his commission. He served also with the French Aviation Corps.

Russell Rae '18, former business manager of the *Record*, is now holding a prominent position in an import brokerage house on State Street.

W. M. Clark '18, now a Senior at Harvard, was recently chosen from the advanced French course to speak before a conference of French teachers as the best example of the possibilities of a public secondary school in giving a student a French accent. Art thou listening, thou French shark? What sayest thou? Try and do it!

Henry Hiller '19 was recently admitted to the Massachusetts Bar and is practising his profession on State Street. He graduated from Boston University Law School with the highest honors.

Arthur Cohen '19, former track star, has been attending the Lowell Textile School, and will graduate this year.

Ralph McHarrie '19 is now secretary to a prominent State Street Broker.

Dave Cohen '19 is now in the graduating class of Boston University. He intends to go into the real estate game when he graduates.

Sam Goodman '20 is now a Junior at Tech and has already captured three prizes for scholarship.

Arthur Gerstein '20, who it will be remembered became colonel, after his pony company had captured first prize, is now assistant manager of the firm of Gerstein & Co., wholesale jewellers.

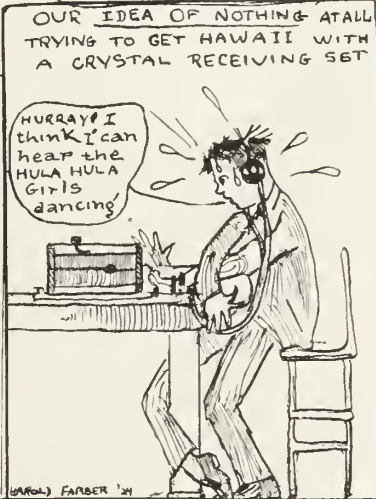
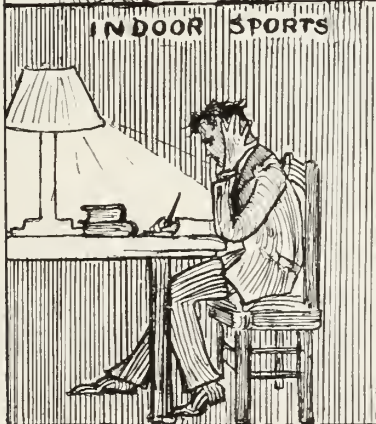
Mark Ferman '20, a former member of the track team, is now a member of Harvard Wrestling team.

Elmer Barber '21 was editor-in-chief of the *Record* besides being plenty of other things. Now, he is at Mass. Aggie and has been elected to the Kappa Sigma fraternity. He is on the college paper, "The Collegian".

Arthur Mendelsohn '21 is now attending the University of California.

Aaron Gold '22 is now attending Harvard where he has received a two year scholarship.







### JACOB HOLTZ

*In small parcels rare and costly goods are found.*

Jack Holtz is the "little big man" of the Class of '23. He is little in size, but big in character.

Yea, verily 'tis Jack Holtz, that makes the class picture look so good.

Did you notice how near the center Jack's picture is? Well, there's a reason. You don't have to ask Dad, either.

It's because Jack is on the Executive Committee!

Not only that, but he's one of the mainstays of the Current Events Club.

Not only that, but he's a "buck" private, third squad, rear rank.

Not only that, but he's one of the three originators of the Class of '23 Debating Club, founded during the sophomore year.

Not only that, but Jack has an original way of putting things, *e. g.*:

One day, after having quarreled with his brother, he came, running, to his mother,

"Waw," he yelled, "Johnny took a bite out of my apple."

"You shouldn't cry about a thing like that," said his mother."

"But," said our li'l Jackie, "it was my Adam's apple."

Joke! Bah!

\* \* \* \* \*

### G. DONALD BUCKNER

*He was a scholar, one of fame,*

*Great were his ambitions, high his aim.*

Lo, and behold, we have among us, another of the Executive Committee, one who goeth by the handle of Don Buckner.

Buckner has one very bad habit. He's got a habit of continually getting on the Honor Roll.

Do you wonder, then, that he's also Treasurer of the Science Club.

And that he's also an executive of the German Club.

One day, not long ago, Buckner was lounging around in the lobby of one of our classiest hotels, when a rather stout old man rushed up to him and excitedly said,

"Run up to my room and see if my umbrella is there.. Here's my key. I'll

give you a half dollar, if you'll do it. I've got just five minutes to get the train."  
 Buckner quickly grabbed the key, and was gone.  
 Three minutes later he returned sans umbrella.  
 "Yes, sir," he panted, "it's there."

\* \* \* \* \*

# DANIEL GRUNT

*As fleet of foot as is the deer.*

Danny is one of the speed boys of the track team. This is his fourth year on the team.

Last year, he placed in the indoor "Reggies."

This year, he duplicated.

Last year, he placed in the out-door "Reggies."

This year, he WILL duplicate.

He has been no small factor of the Relay team.

He has very few superiors in the 50 yard-dash.

(Wow, wot a lot o' li'l sentences!)

You know, I suppose, that Danny prides himself on his ability to speak French fluently. (Ha ha!) Well, the other day, he was asked if he had had any difficulty with his French in Paris. (Danny, you know, was in France, last summer.)

"No," was our hero's modest reply, "but the French people did."

\* \* \* \* \*

# WALTER R. DALEY

*Swifter than an arrow from a bow*

*He sped along.*

Since we've started in with track, let's continue thusly.

Walter Daley is also a four year member of the track team. During three of those years, he was a consistent point scorer in the high jump. During all four of those years he was one of our best bets in the dash.

He placed in the "100" last year, in the out-door "Reggies."

This year, he placed in the "50" in the indoor "Reggies".

So far, Daley has run on two championship E. H. S. Relay teams

Furthermore he has made his "E" in foot-ball.

Not long ago, our hero came running into his neighbor's house, and shouted "Mrs. Clancy, your son is badly spoiled."

"G'wan wid yez," said Mrs. Clancy, "an he is not."

"Well," panted Walter, "just come out an' see what the steam roller did to him."

\* \* \* \* \*

# JOEL B. GOLDBERG

*Swift and enduring*

*He led the field to the finish.*

Yea, we have among us, another of those "four years on the track team" men. Joel Goldberg. (Applause.)

In his first year Joe was the only freshmen to make a letter. During said year, Joel established a record for the "160" which still stands.

Like Daley, Goldberg has been on two champ relay teams.

Last year, without ever having run it before, Goldberg entered the "440" in the "Reggies" and made third.

He has been on three Champion track teams already.



In his first year, he ran the "160."  
 In his second year, he ran the 220 and Dash.  
 In his third year he ran the dash and then the "440"  
 This year he runs the dash. ("50").  
 An' by cracky, he's good in every one of those events.  
 Joe once got arrested for not obeying traffic rules while driving his car.  
 "Your honoi," he said, "I am very deaf, and I did not hear the officer's whistie."  
 "Very well," said the judge, "you'll get your hearing next week."

\* \* \* \* \*

### GERALD D. ROLLINGS

*Endurance, he possessed above  
 All other gifts of nature.*

Another of those "four year ones" by heck!  
 Jerry however has no use for the smaller distances. He enjoys pushing Capt. McKillop into record time for the "1000."

Jerry was sick a great deal this year, and created a great deal of surprise by his come back for a second in the "1000" in this year's "Reggies."

When he doesn't feel like running, Rollings trots the "600" for a place in some meet or other, just to get in trim.

He is not only an athlete, but a scholar.

He has been a Student Councillor for two years.

He was cheer leader at the foot-ball games, this year.

He is a room captain this year, also.

Jerry called on his girl friend not so very long ago. It was her birthday, and he was offering her a gift.

"Would you," said he, "accept a pet monkey?"

Quoth she, "This is so sudden. You will have to ask father."

\* \* \* \* \*

### SYDNEY P. COHEN

*An athlete worthy to vie  
 With the greatest of them all*

Still we are not shy of "four year ones," for here is yet another.

Sydney has placed in the broad jump in every meet, including the "Reggies," for the past three years.

How's them fer apples?

Taking a second place in this year's indoor "Reggies" with a measly leap of 9 feet 7 and a fraction inches, is nothing in Cohen's life.

Placing comes as natural to Cohen, as eating does to the noble, handsome, brave editor of this column.

Cohen WAS a salesman in a jewelry store. This is why we said "WAS":—

"This bracelet," he told one customer, "was given by Napoleon Bonaparte to Empress Josephine. It is very unique and valuable. We are selling hundreds of them this year."

Now, children, you know why we said "WAS."

\* \* \* \* \*

### HENRY CULLEN

*His feats were known throughout the land.*

The above mentioned gentleman may not be one of those "four year" ones, but we wager that he's good enough to be.



Cullen has graced English High track teams for three years. During those three years he has been a strong scorer in the "160," the "50" hurdles, the "600" and the relay.

Henry, when he got the proofs of his class picture, took just one look, and fainted.

The next day he went down to the studio.

"Say," he said, "this picture makes me look like a monkey."

"I know it," said the photographer, "but you should have thought about that before you had the picture taken."

Say, Cullen, don't get sore. It's only a joke. We'd put you against Rodolph, any day.

\* \* \* \* \*

### JOSEPH F. COMFREY

*A leader in sports*

*None claimed to be his peer.*

Joe Comfrey was end on the foot-ball team.

Joe Comfrey was defense on the hockey team.

Joe Comfrey is third base on the base-ball team.

Joe Comfrey is a wonder.

In any of the three above mentioned sports, our hero is sure to scintillate. Not content with one letter in foot-ball, he takes in base ball and hockey for amusement.

Joe was once sleeping at a friend's house. One night, his friend came in very late.

"Say, Joe," he said, "are you asleep?"

"We-el," said Joe, "what is it?"

"I wanted to know if you could lend me a dollar."

"What the deuce are you bothering me for?" yawned the apple of our eye, "Can't you see, I'm fast asleep?"

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE JUDGMENT DAY

I sought not Fame, yet Fame was my reward,

Wealth I desired not, yet 'twas ever mine.

I did my best, and now before my Lord

I stand, a dot in an Eternal Line—

A Line that starts . . . then goes without an end,

Made up of good and bad, and poor and rich,

Who tremble now as if their souls would rend

And fear lest they be thrown into the Ditch

And there are those in Line whose hearts are free,

And those whose pray'rs are lifted up on high,

And those who firm await the Lord's decree,

And those who ignorantly wonder why

They stand in Line, until at last they see

The Throne of God flaming in the sky.

—Abraham Levine '23

# "PAPER, SIR?"

*By Louis Marcus, '23*

"Evenin' Examina; extra payba! Read all about tha big acciden'! Extra! Yes, sir-'Examina'?"

"Got the "Irish World," sonny?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put a fence around it."

The newsboy is often subject to the witticism and anger of pedestrians and the city newsboy hears and sees enough during the day to keep away the monotony of "selling papers." This is the job that tries boys' souls, and the easy-going are often thrown from the "straight and narrow" and are given a poor start in life.

"Micky" Bloom was a newsboy in San Francisco. "Micky" at sixteen had no "corner," no father, no family, and no home. He was always in the way of the other "newsies," and the yell of "get offa my corna" was as familiar to "Micky" as the twelve o'clock factory whistles.

But one day "Micky" got a job helping another "newsie." He was happy. He didn't care for "tha guys wid tha regula' corna's" any longer. He had it all figured out—In six months he would have enough money to buy a corner of his own.

Happy thoughts came to his mind all at once. "Six dolla's a week and dinna's! Gee, I'll soon own the corna' on Pearl Avenoo!" These thoughts lingered longer than the rest as he wended his way homeward.

Home was the "People's Palace" Salvation Army headquarters. "Micky" had many a good word for the "Army." He had never known another home. He was happy and he wanted everyone to know it.

His supper eaten, he lingered in the Reading Room for a while and then went to bed. He scarcely slept an hour that night—thinking, dreaming of his job.

Of a sudden he was awakened by a poke in the ribs. "Micky" jumped up angrily.

"Whatsa matta wicha? Just 'cause I got a new job cancha lemme sleep? Ow! Cut it out, I'm tellin' ya!"

"Aw c'mon, kid, wake up. Its five. Dincha tell me ta wake ya up then? —C'mon kid, wake up," from "Micky's" bed-mate, a husky, middleaged man.

Evidently "Micky" was beginning to understand a little better. He rubbed his eyes,—sat up,—rubbed his eyes again, and jumped to the floor. He began to dress himself. Now he recalled it all. Yes, he had told old "Bill", the night before, to wake him up at five. He dressed in a minute, downed a cup of coffee and a pair of "sinkers" in less time, and was gone.

"Micky" ran, walked, and "hopped a truck" to the Northern Terminal. His mind again became filled with beautiful thoughts. How refreshing was the morning air to his weary head! The past was forgotten. He was beginning life anew, with new ambitions and new energy.

Arriving at the station, he found himself the only "newsie" there, for it was early. He wanted to make a good impression in the eyes of his boss. The minutes dragged by like so many weeks, but finally more "newsies" and trucks bearing the morning papers drifted in.

The boss was glad to see "Micky" waiting for him. "Micky" shouldered the heavy load of papers and staggered to the corner cheerfully.

He was very happy when the boss counted out a dolla's worth of small change and handed it to him. He was anxious to see his first customer. At last he came, followed by thousands of others going to work.

"Payba, sir? What payba?"

Micky was tired but didn't show it. At twelve he received a quarter from his boss and ran down to Carter's Bean Shop—satisfied. He ate and ate, and ate—it seemed to him a dollar's worth—and soon was back on the corner satisfied. There was scarcely any variation from the morning's work—a chuckle—a hurried conversation serving to relieve the monotony until six. Then he proudly walked home—to the People's Palace.

The work was routine for the next seven or eight months, and "Micky" was accumulating a bank account. He was after that much-coveted corner on Pearl Avenue. He already had enough money to buy it, in fact more than enough, but Ryan wouldn't sell it.

More months ran swiftly by—a year—two years. "Micky" tried in vain to buy Ryan's corner. He now had quite a bank account—over two hundred. His work was not restricted to his "corner." After six he carried valises and bundles for the people going to and from the Terminal. He made almost a dollar a night and he liked the work. People told him about Japan and China, the Philippines, and other parts of the world, and about the eastern part of our country. He was interested.

"Micky" Bloom was successful. He had money, clothes, friends, a good room and good meals. He was now eighteen.

"Micky's" change from poverty to what he considered wealth tended to draw him towards the underworld. Starting with his first week's pay he was constantly being drawn by the invisible magnet, and "Micky" found himself "matching" for pennies, then nickles, dimes and finally whole dollars. When he won, his greed craved for more;

when he lost, the desire to "get even" urged him on.

This gradually led to "betting on the ponies" and "Micky" was lucky—luckier than in the games. He didn't work now at all, and he didn't have to—neither did most of his companions.

The worst was none too bad for "Mike", as he was now known. Gambling, dope, bad companions—all united in, their evil purpose, and "Mike" became a creature of the underworld. He found that selling a few "decks" of dope every day evened it up when he lost on the "ponies."

"Mike" was satisfied and didn't worry about the future.

The "Far East" lay at anchor within the Golden Gate, swinging to and fro in the gentle breeze. It was a picturesque scene—one fit for the gods—the colored lanterns swaying in unison with the breeze.

The "Far East" was extensively engaged in opium traffic. She was owned by Englishmen and captained by Van Holst, more commonly known as the "Flying Dutchman." The crew was composed entirely of coolies with two Americans as mates. Business was on the decline. Custom-House officials at Hong Kong would not be bribed and they searched in vain for another port in which to unload their illegal merchandise.

The owners in Liverpool were indignant. "No pay unless we sell that load," said Stockinson, the senior partner, and he was a stone wall. He ordered them to 'Frisco, and to 'Frisco they went. No one questioned Stockinson. But how? How? smuggle it in? Stockinson didn't care for the Dutchman—"No pay for them unless we sell that load." It rang in the

Dutchman's ears like a bell. Yes, Stockinon was a stone wall.

One day a motor-boat chugged up alongside of the "Far East". A commanding figure demanded to see the captain.

"He isn't aboard at present," he was informed by Hilton, the first mate.

"Where's the first mate?"

"Right here. My name's Hilton."

"My name's Bloom, Mike Bloom. —Pleased to meet you. Have a smoke?"

The first mate led him to the cabin and closed the window. Bloom looked around and when he was convinced that they were alone, he began to speak.

"You've got more than \$500,000 worth of opium on board."

Hilton looked at the stranger, the stranger looked at him. Hilton flushed.

"Don't be afraid of me. Stockinon just cabled me that I could have it all for four hundred gran'. Where's your captain?"

"At Lloyd's."

"Well," jerking out a gold watch mechanically, "it's one-thirty now. I'll be back at three. Good bye."

That was all. He slid into the boat and in a twinkling he was off. Hilton stood paralyzed.

"Holy smelts! dat gink sure give me the scare!"

At two Van Holst came. Excitedly Hilton related all that had taken place.

"You bet I'll be here at three!" ejaculated the Dutchman.

At three Bloom was there. Van Holst was introduced to him minus the usual formalities, and they got down to business. Van Holst was excited but satisfied. In the middle of their conversation a coolie came running down to the cabin and hurriedly knocked on the door. Within all became hushed. He was admitted and they listened to Lee Chin's pidgin English.

"Speak up, ya Chink!" To the others, "Kin ya make a word out o' this idiot's babble? Get out o' here?" And the

Dutchman reinforced his hasty words by a vigorous kick. Van Holst was not cruel ordinarily, the circumstances made him so.

The "Flying Dutchman" looked at the "dope pedlar" and then at Hilton.

"Go down to the Chink and see what he wants."

The first mate was gone. A voice called from below. Hilton looked over the rail.

"Western Union telegram fer Cap'n Van Holst o' the "Fur East."

Hilton lowered the ladder, and a wiry young man sprang aboard and was directed to the cabin. The Dutchman breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the messenger. Van Holst received the envelope coolly.

"Excuse me a moment," and he withdrew from the others. He signed it and opened the envelope. He read it to himself.

"Sell all the tea quick \$150 to \$200. Stockinon." That was enough,—he understood.

He turned to Bloom. "How about it —will ya take it? Fine bargain. Worth \$500,000—I'll sell it for \$400,000."

"Two hundred fifty and I'll take it off your hands."

"Nope."

"Two hundred seventy-five—no questions asked."

"Three hundred fifty—take it or leave it."

They both shook hands.

"When can I get it?"

"To-morrow night at 11:30."

July 3 was a very warm and a very black night. A limousine sped along Pacific Street at about a fifty-an-hour clip.

"Stop! Stop!"

The limousine picked up speed. The policeman shot,—again,—and again. The limousine swerved and in an instant it crashed into an electric pole. It stopped.

When the policeman reached the wreck, he beheld a weird sight. Casks



and their contents were scattered here and there and the car was smashed into a shapeless mass. Almost together were found two mangled, blood-stained bodies, their clothes torn to shreds.

The officer recognized them despite their tragic costumes—Mike Bloom and Jimmie Ryan, the Pacific coast's most dangerous criminals and dope peddlars. He guessed the contents of the smashed casks—dope.

Two years ago, to the hour, Mike had been on the same street, going to the Northern Terminal.

"Paper, Sir?"

"Micky" jumped up as if he had been shot from the mouth of a cannon.

"Whew!" He felt of his head. It was there. He groped around for different members of his body. They were all there. Then he realized that it had been only a dream. But ah! The dream had left with him its horrible scenes and had shown him what his evil occupation might lead him to. It was an ill omen, and he took it as such.

In the morning a new "Micky" rose—a "Micky" determined to rid himself of his wicked calling—determined to acquire an education.

"No, I don't think I'll go."

"Why? You know it's gonna be quite a fight—five preliminaries, then the two big fights. I've got a ten ta seven bet on Tim Beals—long end, too."

"I'm sorry, Joe, I just can't go. Mid-year exams at night school.—Then I gotta practice on the fiddle.—"

"And ya gotta take Fido out fer an evenin' stroll, and termorrer ya gotta take in sewin' wid tha Tuesday Ladies Club!" broke in Joe, "d'ya think skirts 'll be shorter this year?"

Meyer didn't mind Joe's sarcasm, Joe meant well.

"So long, Joe, I'll see ya later. Gonna lunch at eleven termorrer?"

"Yuh, be sure t'have yer knittin' wid yer. Goo'bye!"

Meyer Bloom had struck it rich. He was happy. Over six years ago he had been penniless—now he had a good room, good clothes, plenty of money and ate good meals. His life thus far was an experiment—would the sudden change from poverty to wealth spoil him?

He reached his room, washed, ate, and was off—but not to night school. He was over twenty-three now, and he had completely forgotten the past. He had had new ambitions—they were fast shaping into success. His renewed energy was not exhausted—he was living another life.

Meyer didn't forget his friends, but he gradually drifted away from "the bunch on the corner." People marvelled at him.

One day Joe spoke to him during lunch.

"Where ya keepin' yerself? Ya don't go ta school now—ya graduated last week. Oh, Meyawn, wheredja get the long hair on yer suit. Whosthagirl?"

"Micky" blushed. "Rosie."

"I knew it. Ya didn't go ta school that night, didja Meyer?"

"I did, too!"

"Haw, haw! well, I saw a fella' just like you, dressed tha same, with a gal that was the exac' image o' Rosie. And they both went in tha "Bijou."—when's the engagement gonna be announced?"

"July 4th."

The newsboy—this is the job that tries boys' souls, that lays snares for his feet. The easy-going are thrown from the "straight and narrow," the cautious find it a start.



### ATHLETICS

Athletes may come and athletes may go but English High sports go on forever. In this old school of ours, many a world-famed star practised his first starts, threw his first curves, tackled his first half-back or took his prelims in one or another of our eight sports. What this past season has produced in the shape of stars, time alone can tell. Who knows but that a few years hence we shall read in the papers of some champion known the country over, who is now a humble stude at English. All candidates can sign up at once by joining the outdoor track squad, the baseball gang, the tennis swingers, the golf fans or the rifle team sharks. We roll, nearest practice grounds.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SPRING SPORTS.

The English High School is fortunate indeed in having such a varied field of competitive athletics. There is a sport to suit the taste and ability of every boy, an opportunity is given for all to partake in any one that he desires. The rewards are great: increased physical health, closer school spirit and attitude in the class room, general broadening of the mind and character, and in short all-round betterment.

Golf is an old game. It probably originated in the bonny Highlands of Scotland. Maybe King Tut was a fan. So be it, golf is firmly established at E. H. S. John Dunn is Capt. manager and he promises a banner year if a few of the hole-in-one sharks who boast so much in the corridors will only come out.

Tennis in a high school cannot be compared with the finals of the Davis Cup competitions but Capt. Soraker and his gang could give them a nice work out. Hector Lopaus is the manager and believe me, with him they sure ought to win. He is the only fellow in school to hold a crew letter, having served as coxswain in his first year. Practice for the team will begin soon. See Mr. Wilson in 151

### BASEBALL

"In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball." At the first signs of spring, King Baseball suddenly sprang into activity. That a great number of future stars are interested is evidenced by the fact that every morning before school, during lunch hour periods, and after school, a large number of boys are always playing ball and taking numerous kinks out of their arms. Mr. Wilson, who is in charge of base-ball activities, has arranged a snappy schedule for sophomores. Two games a day are to be played on the Common. The games are to be seven-inning games.

The first base-ball game of the year was held at the Common, Monday, April 9, 1923. Room 152 opposed Room 260. After a rather close game, Room 152 won with a score of 21 to 15. All room captains now have their own respective base-ball schedule.

## BASEBALL

The baseball team captained by the versatile Michael J. Duran seems to be progressing nicely. The veterans who seem sure of berths are Capt. Duran, outfield; Cooperstein, outfield; Comfrey 3rd, Cummings 2nd; Smith and Flynn, pitchers, Parker and Whitehead catchers. The squad has been practicing every night at the Randolph St. grounds and Coach Fred Murray, fresh from his track honors, hopes to turn another champ team. The candidates who seem O. K. are Chandler, Taschetta, Boyle, Gach, Lopaus, Mahoney, Field, Ferguson, Field, Ohrenberger, Brittain, Koplow and Foote. Manager Roger McCann has arranged a great schedule of mean trips and journeys to be run off on the following dates:

## TRACK

## ENGLISH TAKES LATIN HONORS CUM LAUDE, 128-92

*Maguire and Jordan good for double firsts. E. H. S. strength in field events. Meet several times postponed.*

To have been hanging by the thumbs since that ancient date on which Latin and English first started competition would have been a rather sad misfortune, indeed. These two knowledge institutions have fought innumerable combats on gridiron, track and nine. One year English has triumphed, the next, Latin. Perhaps the Blue and Blue strikes a shell-hole and stays down for a few years. But as the old saw goes, "blood will tell, you can't keep a good guy down, long." Accordingly dual meets between the two schools have been all English for the last half dozen years or so, this season no exception.

A goodly crowd gathered to witness the slaughter. English, confident with a lead from the field events, was given a great battle for honors in the track events, 5 points deciding the issue for us in the runs. Some wonderful competition was uncovered, especially in the senior events. Ferd Maguire came through finely in the hurdles, being the only English man to place in that event. The senior dash was a surprise to all, with "Bill" McLaughlin hitting first, Joey Goldberg, the popular veteran of the team picked as second and Walt Daley getting a third. Pickard was the honey for the 300 until a spill on that rotten corner threw him down. Foster and Dobson worked themselves up to third and fourth respectively behind the one and only pair, Sullivan and Haggerty, Latiners. Hen Cullea and McNabb drew a tie second for the "600", each running the race of his life, with the edge going to Henie. Three places in the "1000" pulled the points up a bit with Captain McKillop, Oliver and Colton, first, second and fourth, respectively. The intermediate group were not so good, looking from a Blue standpoint. Danny Grunt, the star 50-yd. dasher, came across the line, a pretty first. Freedman took fourth. Sacco and "Chick" Ferguson came second and fourth respectively. The "220" saw Banitto and "Dave" Rose second and fourth also. Faster time than usual went along with the "600". Bissett trotted second, De Marco third, and Gould fourth. The junior dash was easy for Sumner Gordon. Shapiro was second and Epstein fourth. The "160" was hard on Finn's legs so a third was sufficient. Garber took number four. Mike Duran heaved a second in the senior shot. Maguire tied for a 5'6" first, very good. Weinberg in the intermediate broad-jump got a second. Gordon heaved the junior shot 43 feet 1-3 inches, winning over Barsky by many feet. Finn and King tied in the junior high. So be it, another Latin-English encounter and E. H. S. victory, has been recorded for posterity. Here's hoping for the same good fortune for many years to come.

## MECHANICS SWAMPED ON TRACK, 101-20

The circus season was put on a little prematurely at the Armory a few afternoons after the Latin meet. The first "100" show of the season was offered to a small crowd. Lack of competition made most of the races sluggish, although the usual hot ones were there to the top. Cullen won the senior "600", after a season's attempt. Captain Bill, of course, took the "1000", dragging behind him Trainor and "Jerry" Rollins. The junior dashers swept clean with Gordon, Shapiro, Astor, Neckes. Bissett took the intermediate "600". The "300" wasn't so bad with Foster first, "Joey" Goldberg second. No field events were held.

\* \* \* \* \*

[FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REGIMENTAL  
FIELD EVENTS

The outlook for English after the close of the regimental field events was anything but encouraging. The Blue and Blue boys had a bad day and pulled the school down into fourth with Commerce leading the field with 22 5-6 points, East Boston second with 21 5-6; Brighton third, with 14; and English fourth with the lucky 13. Mighty lucky, as it later proved. Failure to place a man in the high jump swas the main breaking point. But then, think of starting the senior high in the vicinity of 4 feet! The shot put points were clinched by Gordon, junior, with a 44 foot second. Barsky, consistent place winner all the year, took the fourth in that event. The senior broad saw our old friend and place winner "Sid" Cohen, taking second with 9'7 1-2", and the first-year star Scott coming across with a fourth. Nice work. The intermediate broad third was racked off by Feldstein with a leap of 8'7 1-2". Peterson, right after him, got fourth in the classic. Shapiro, the junior, got the third verdict from his event. Well, it might have been worse, but—according to the famed sport writer, Tom McCabe, the outcome of this meet proves one great point, that more and more the boy is turning towards a high school nearer home. Before the ink of the Herald had dried, a hot discussion was being waged pro and con. Figure it out with the results of the track events and see if you believe it.

## TRACK EVENTS

E.H.S. WINS OVER COMMERCE BY TWO-THIRDS OF POINT. LATIN HAD CHANCE TO WIN IN SENIOR "600". MANY RECORDS GO

The storm had raged for two days. The ship was rolling dangerously in the heavy seas. Waves broke over her battered decks, washing away to the angry sea gods her precious life preservers. The officers grouped in the wheelhouse appeared worn and haggard after their long vigil. Full well they knew the responsibility that lay within their hands. Drawn below decks, the picked crew shovelled and perspired, struggling to keep the ship's propeller turning. To the officers on deck, all was a blur of mist and waves. Suddenly out of the fog loomed the huge figure of an uncharted reef. On, on the ship rushed, unaware of any danger. Too late, the officers discover the obstacle. Must she strike! Now the great ship is almost onto the rock. What? she passed safe? And by 2—3 of a foot? Who said 13 was unlucky?

Maybe Clark's H. P. effort in the Senior 600 did the trick for us. If the Latin boys could have placed, good bye English. Boyish ambition did it. But what's the use of calling 'em down any more. It was in this race that Coach Murray said to Hen Cullen, "Go forth!" and Hen did, but alas, he went fifth. Capt. "Bill" McKillop fulfilled all promises and desires by twice reducing the old 2.29 1—5



record for the 100. In the trials, Bill raced to the time of 2.27 and in the finals did 2.27 4—5 with no competition whatever. That boy has got a great future ahead of him, mark my words. Jerry Rollins, the star of 1922, staged a perfect comeback by his placing second to Bill. Jim Treanor, second year 1000 star, pulled in for a tie for fourth. The 300 was perhaps the best contested race of the program when Mc Kenney (B) and Sullivan (L) fought it out. Sully just winning by a hair. Pickard came in for third honors. Larkin, another English 300 runner, had the honor (?) of being the only fellow injured in the big meet. He fell on that bad corner, breaking his collarbone. Maguire came in for a fourth in the hurdles. The senior dash was and still is an unpicked bone. The question arises, who got second? Bill McLaughlin got first allright but did Walt Daly come next or did Laberge H.P. The judge said the latter. Danny Grunt had a string of hard, hard luck in the Int. 50 and got put back into fourth. The Int. 600 boasted of the only other intermediate place, Bissett, who took 3rd and should have won. The junior dash proved an upset for Sumner Gordon, who after winning in record time in the trials, came in second. But then those heavy sneakers may tell the story. The 160 was soft for Finn, who took a nice first.

This is the last Regimental championship English can ever win, for after this year the game will be abandoned and a better system will be adopted.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### RIFLE TEAM

The Rifle Team has certainly made a name for itself during the past two months. In the match with Boston Latin the team showed some of the most remarkable shooting that has ever been done by a high school team when it scored a perfect 500 against Latin's 478. Those boasting perfect score are as follows.

|               |      |
|---------------|------|
| Jacobs (capt) | 100  |
| McNeil (Mgr)  | 100  |
| Lapworth      | 100  |
| Hatch         | 100  |
| Hickey        | 100  |
|               | —    |
|               | 500. |

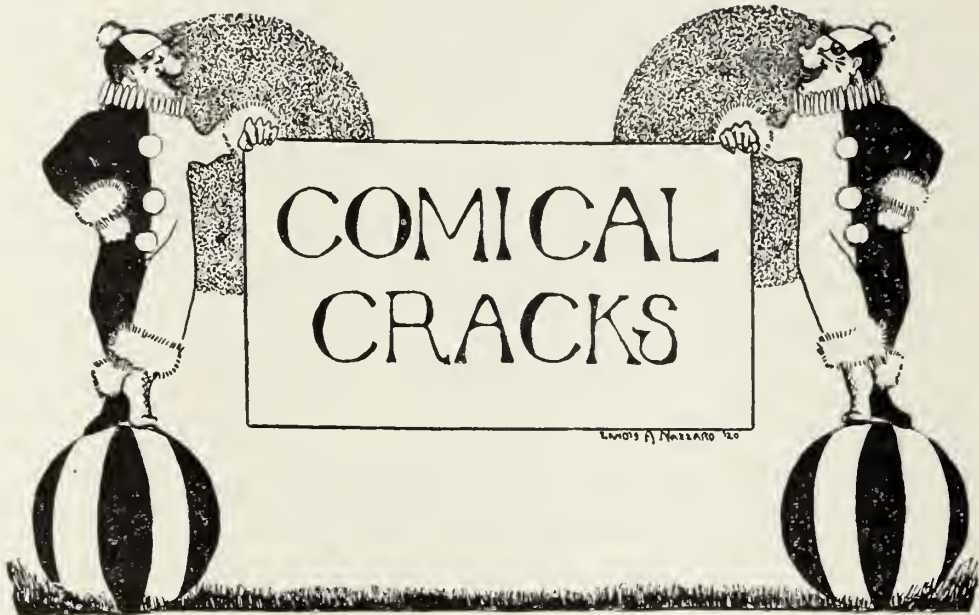
The team also won a match from Dorchester, the score being 468—437. So far only two matches have been lost to Bangor High and the Tech Freshmen respectively. This was due in all probability to the lack of practice, as the team was almost two months behind in getting under way. However, just watch their smoke in the near future.

#### GOLF

Few schools can boast of a golf team. English can, and is proud of it. The first meeting of candidates was held April 11th in Mr. Wilson's room. Plans were discussed for an elimination tournament to be held at Franklin Park Links, by means of which the team might be picked. John Dunn is the captain-manager.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next issue, the final June number, will contain the best sporting write-ups of the year, pictures of the major teams, complete lists of every letter man in the school and a general summary of each sport as seen by an insider. Get that June copy and you'll have something as a memento of your school days.



Woman: (to caller) "Have a chair."

Caller: "No, ma'am, I've come for the piano!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Heine, did you hear about de awful accident vat did to my poy came?"

"No."

"Vel, you know dot dere in the Anheuser estate a big bush is? Vell, my poy Hans chumped into the Anheuser Busch und tore Schlitz in his pants, and den a sadder Bud Weiser boy, he came out."

\* \* \* \* \*

She: "Guess what father said about you."

He: "I haven't an idea in the world."

She: "Oh, you must have been listening."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dad: "What time is it?"

Daughter: (Coming in late) "One o'clock."

Just then the clock struck four.

Daughter: "My, our clock stutters terribly."

\* \* \* \* \*

She: "Am I the only girl you ever loved?"

He: "Yes, an' you're prettier than all of them."

\* \* \* \* \*

Some students were ridiculing a teacher's vain attempts at humor, when said teacher happened along.

"Young men," he said, "I'll have you understand that my humor is not to be laughed at."

\* \* \* \* \*

High: "Don't you ever help your wife drive the car?"

Low: "No, I let her shift for herself."

Ham: "My father was once principal guest at a great public function, when the platform fell."

Jam: "Horrors! Did he fall to the ground?"

Ham: "No, the rope stopped him."

\* \* \* \* \*

QUITE SO

Teacher: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise one can answer."

Stewdent: "That's why I flunked."

\* \* \* \* \*

Pretty Usherette (Pouting her lips): "Do you want two?"

Movie Fan: "Will you let me?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ha! The cents of humor," cried the joke-editor as he received his first check for half a dollar for a joke.

\* \* \* \* \*

POME!

Mary bought a pair of skates,  
And both of them were rollers.  
But the first time she tried them on,  
She knocked out all her molars.

\* \* \* \* \*

A tramp came to the house of a very mean old lady to "bum" a dinner. He knocked on the door, and then, to arouse her pity he started eating the grass on the lawn.

"There, there, my good man," she said, "don't eat the grass here. Go next door. Their grass is much longer than mine."

\* \* \* \* \*

WATCH OUT, BOYS!

The following is taken from an old College Entrance Exam.

1. What kind of vegetable is a policeman's beat?
2. Is an undertaker's business dead?
3. Does water have eyes when it goes to sea?

\* \* \* \* \*

Applicant: "Have you an opening for a bright young man?"

Boss: "Yes, an' don't slam it as you go out."

\* \* \* \* \*

He: "Dearie, I must marry you."

She: "Have you seen father?"

He: "Yes, but I love you just the same."

\* \* \* \* \*

He (at 2 A. M.): "Well, I must be off."

She: "That's what I thought when I first met you."

\* \* \* \* \*

JOGRIFFY!

'26: "Hawaii?"

'23: "I Hayti tell you."

'26: "Aw Guam."

A woman shopper approached the post office clerk at the stamp window.

"I would like to look at your red two-cent stamps," she said.

The clerk brought out a sheet of 100 stamps.

Pointing to a stamp in the centre of the sheet, she sweetly said, "I'll take this one."

\* \* \* \* \*

Frantic Senior: "Oh, teacher, I'm just at the door of flunking."

Teacher: "Never mind, don't worry, I'll pull you through."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Pants", said the philosopher, "is an uncommon noun, because it is singular at the top, and plural at the bottom."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Take the message, and I'll get it from you later."

"Your little girl wants to kiss you over the phone," said the stenographer demurely.

\* \* \* \* \*

I know a farmer  
Who is so lazy that  
In seven years of farming  
He only raised his hat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Immigration Officer: "What do you expect to do here in America?"

Pat: "Take up land."

I. O.: "How much?"

Pat: "A very little. Not more than a shovelful at a time."

\* \* \* \* \*

Policeman: "You're under arrest."

Cross-eyed Man: "Why?"

Policeman: "You look crooked."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### SCENE FROM TEN NIGHTS OUT OF A BAR-ROOM

"Is my father in there?"

"Get away from the swinging door, little girl, you'll get hurt."

"Well, is my father in there?"

"Well, what if he is?"

"Mother says she can't get the home brew off the stove."

"Aw, what's the difference."

"Well, brother Bobbie just fell in."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two Scotchmen decided to become teetotalers, but MacGregor thought it would be wise if they had one bottle of whiskey to put in the cupboard in case of illness. After three days Sandy could bear it no longer, and he said, "MacGregor, I am ill."

"To late," said MacGregor, "I was ill all day yesterday."

The News, Dubuque, Iowa.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Shall I teach you how to make doughnuts?"

"Yes, I can't imagine how you arrange the inner tubes."





"We had a pretty good batch of exchanges this time."

"Let's hear about some of them."

"Well, there's the *Delphian* from Moses Brown School in Providence.—In the last issue it printed six stories, all of which made good reading, besides a valuable article on the choice of law as a profession. It's funny how few magazines print articles of this type, when they are so likely to hit home. The only thing about this paper that doesn't seem good is the scattering of the ads all through the reading matter."

"How about that South Boston High paper?"

"The *Chandelier*? It's picking up O. K. There are a couple of new cuts and some general improvements in the last issue. The main thing lacking now is ads. A magazine without is frequently restricted financially, and with them is usually better off and able to expand."

"What other papers do you get from the Boston high schools?"

"Most all of them. Here's a Latin School *Register*. Their sports column is generally well handled. "Funny Fables" are pretty good, but one or two of them were found along with Aesop's in King Tut's tomb. You ought to read their article on Mars sometime—not so worse. I happened to notice there were no ads on the back cover. It may look nice, but who reads the paper backwards, anyhow? Here's the mail just come. I wonder what's in it. What's this thick magazine?"

"I guess it's a new exchange. Yes, the *Owl* of Wadleigh High, New York. Let's look it over. Well, there's the ever-present editorial on school spirit—then stories long stories, short stories, and so-called poems without number. Hurrah! An exchange column out of the ordinary, and yet with no witch mysteriously stirring an immense kettle, whence emanate shades of—exchange comments. Putting the exchange news in the "News Market" is pretty good. It's the first time I've seen it done. We've got to hand it to THESE girls—they're above the average." (dere editor please forgive the pun.)

"What else is in that mail?"

"Here's a new cover on the *Unquity Echo*, the response from Milton High, Mass. The essays seem to be plentiful, but not so with stories. Oh, no! Here are a couple shunted to the extreme end of the paper. The Knocker's Club, exactly what its name implies, is a bit out of the ordinary."

"Have you seen that Humor Issue of the *Progress*?"

"Not yet, but I hear that a new column, 'What Did You See?' is being started. How is it?"

"It's quite clever, like the rest of the issue. The short essays are particularly humorous."

"I should think you'd get tired of reading so many magazines."

"I don't know. There are some real interesting things about it. The papers picture the schools—I can't say how exactly—but still, when a good one is received, it creates a good opinion for its school. Then it is not only interesting but also worth while to get an insight into other schools and what they are doing. In fact, any progressive paper must do this. It is generally the out of-date paper that comments like this. We like your jokes; Your editorials are sadly lacking, etc. Hot stuff! Those papers that just do this ought to snap out of it and get some ideas in the column, not mere rust-covered, hashed remnants of a bygone age. The exchange must keep up with the rest of the magazine at the very least, and is as well suited as any other department to lead. Its *original* purpose was to get from outside sources ideas that might help the magazine improve."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### AS WE ARE SEEN

THE RECORD, English High School, Boston—An interesting paper. "Reparation" was fine. Why not more stories in your *Record*?

MONITOR, Wellesley High, Mass.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE RECORD, Boston English High—We wondered if the *Record* would justify any of the jokes that are told about Boston. But no, their magazine is written up simply and effectively. "Reparation," the only story in the Jan. issue was interesting. "Shopping with a Bargain Hunter" was also a clever essay. Plenty of jokes and school news round out a fine, simple magazine. Come again, Harold.

PROGRESS, East Side Eve. High, N. Y., N. Y.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE RECORD, English High School, Boston—We greatly enjoy the *Record*. Your jokes are always good, and your exchanges are written very interestingly.

SHUTTLE, High School of Practical Arts, Boston.

\* \* \* \* \*

RECORD, English H. S., Boston—Here's to your exchange editor; he must have worked overtime on your last issue. Your cuts are clever and exceedingly well done, and your publication on the whole is very well balanced.

—*Megaphone*, Dean Academy, Franklin.

(This column is absolutely in accord with that of the MEGAPHONE.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Black: "See that chap coming out of the Chemistry Lab? That is Izzy. The poor boy likes girls, but he's so bashful he acts like his own litmus paper."

White: "Howzat?"

Black: "Why, when he's with a girl he turns pink, and when he's alone he gets blue."

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